Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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PEACE.

Lovely, lasting peace below,
Comforter of ev'ry woe,
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky—
Lovely, lasting peace, appear:
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER VII.

"LAND HO!"

REX did not recover from his accident in a day or two, as he expected. He had sustained a serious shock from his violent contact with the deck, and his wrist was slow in recovering from its sprain. A week passed before he was permitted to leave his cot, and for several days after that his name was continued on "the list."

The time did not pass as slowly as he feared. The sick bay was situated nearly amidships, on the port side of the berth-deck. Its occupants were, therefore, within earshot of much that was going on. Rex could hear the orders given on deck, and those given in the engine-room as well. He could listen to the discussions and hilarity of the steerage. Somebody was always passing the door of the bay, and looking in. In short, scarcely any thing happened in the ship which was not reported sooner or later in this room set apart for the sick and suffering.

The top-gallant masts had been "housed" during the gale. When the wind and sea moderated Rex could hear these sent up again and the yards crossed. How he longed to be aloft performing his part in this exercise! Even the orders of the chief boatswain's mate, as he squared the yards by "sighting" them over the edge of the wardroom hatch-coaming, came down to him as distinctly as though he were standing on deck. How familiar it sounded: "Ease the port mizzen royal lift *very handsomely!*" Then came a prolonged whistle, followed by a quick warning thrill which said, "Belay that!" as plainly as though the words had been spoken.

He did not lack for sympathy. Andersen came in, with cheerful smile and words, every day. Reddy was almost as faithful and attentive as a nurse, when it was his watch below. During the Sunday inspection the captain, in visiting the bay, stopped beside Rex's cot, in all the splendor of gold lace, epaulets, and cocked hat, and spoke to him in such a gentle fashion that the susceptible boyish heart was touched. The chaplain rarely omitted running in, either in the morning or the afternoon. Sometimes he brought a picture paper or a magazine. Very often he dropped a word which gave the lad serious thought afterward. On Sunday the church services were distinctly audible in the bay, and there were expressions in the prayers and sermon which awoke in the lad's mind yearnings for a religious life.

His *menu* was not confined to ship fare. Little dishes often found their way to him from the wardroom. A piece of rich plum cake was sent one day with the compliments of his officer of division, and a message to the effect that the sender thought that sort of thing would agree better with the lad's digestive apparatus than his own. Rex found no difficulty in "wrastling" with it.

Reddy remarked one day that Norris had been disrated as captain of the mizzen-top. Rex wondered who would get the vacant billet, and hoped it would be Andersen.

"Andersen!" replied Reddy, scornfully; "he's slower than cold molasses! He aint got no more chance than a stump-tail cat!"

"Stump-tail" felines *do* get a chance once in a while. Andersen got the rating, and Rex had the pleasure of congratulating his friend upon it when he next came to the bay.

There was only one other cot inside the sick bay—there were two or three in the passage-way outside—and that was occupied by an old man-of-war's man. He had paralysis. He did not have much to say—indeed he *could* not talk much; but when, now and then, he made the effort, Rex found his conversation very entertaining. He had been twenty-five years in the service. Long before Rex was born, he had been a gun captain, and had taken part in several engagements during the war. He was of Irish descent, a Roman Catholic, and a man of fair education. His name was Gallagher.

Rex inquired one day, when he was in the mood for talking, where he had been on his last cruise. The old man told him, "In the Arctic, on the *Rodgers*." This was interesting, indeed. Rex had heard something about that ill-fated ship, and asked several questions. Gallagher gratified his curiosity as far as he could, and then remarked,

"But the saddest thing of all that happened there was the loss of Mr. Putnam."

"What was that?" Rex asked, eagerly.

"He was one of the officers, and one of the brightest officers I ever served under. He wasn't with us when the vessel took fire. You see, we were at St. Lawrence Bay. The fire started one morning at about eight o'clock. The *Rodgers* was an old whaler, and her decks were just saturated with oil. We had a donkey engine for hoisting out things. The fire begun under that—probably the ash-pan got too hot. We fought it all day, but 'twa'n't no use. At night we had to abandon ship. Couldn't get out any provisions. Mr. Putnam was not with us at the time. He was at the camp where we had stored our provisions. It was about seventy-five miles away, across a sort of peninsula. Word was sent to him. He came down to us with supplies. Then he started back—he and Mr. Zane. They struck a blizzard. Mr. Zane's sledge was ahead, Mr. Putnam's behind. It got so thick they couldn't see any thing. By and by Mr. Putnam's sledge was missed. He couldn't be found anywhere. He had mistaken the path, and driven onto an ice-floe. The wind was off shore and the floe was carried out to sea. But his companions didn't know where he was. Three days after he could be faintly seen from the top of a mountain with his sledge and dogs drifting out."

"But why didn't you get out boats, and go out after him?" asked Rex.

"Boats wasn't of any use," Gallagher replied. "It wasn't clear water. It was all filled in with broken ice."

"But what became of him?"

"God alone knows," the old man replied, solemnly. "Died of cold and hunger, I s'pose. He had twelve dogs for his sledge. Five of them got back somehow to their Esquimau owners. One had been shot through the top of the head."

"And was that all that was ever heard of him?"

"They say one of his arms was found; but no one could be sure it was his."

Rex was silent for a time, his imagination busy with the pictures which the story called up.

"It seems to me that's the most dreadful thing I ever heard of," he said, at length.

Reddy came to the sick bay one afternoon and told Rex that they were overhauling the torpedo outfit, and distributing the cylinders of gun-cotton in different parts of the ship for safety. That started a little talk about torpedoes and torpedo boats, and Gallagher gave an interesting reminiscence, in substance, as follows:

"I was down off Charleston on the blockade during the war. I was a gunner's mate on board the *Canandaigua*. Old Jo Green was captain. The *Housatonic* was anchored near us. Let's see; it was the night of the 17th of February, 1864, about a quarter before nine. Just gone one bell. A turtle-back torpedo boat, with a small flag-staff, stole up under the quarter of the *Housatonic*. They hailed her, and the reply was 'Flag!' Then they suspected mischief. They slipped their cable and went astern. That brought them right on the boat. There were eight fellows in it, propelling the thing by means of a crank. They got the torpedo well under, exploded it, and blew off the whole stern. The water rushed in, the ship careened deeply to starboard, then righted herself, and slowly went down. She was in shoal water, and did not sink out of sight. Some of the crew took to the rigging. Others cut away the boats before she settled, and came over to the *Canandaigua*. I tell you, things were lively aboard our ship for a time. We slipped our cable and steamed around the *Housatonic*, picking up the rest of her crew and officers."

"But were none lost?" asked Rex.

"Yes—a couple of the crew, I believe; one, a nigger, who was blown up and wasn't found; and there was a fireman named Kelly, who had some four hundred dollars stowed away. He went below to get it, and never came up. And there were two of the younger officers missing. The captain had a narrow escape."

"But what became of the torpedo boat?"

"That was the strangest part of it all. You see, she disappeared. There was no trace of her left. She never went back to Charleston, that's certain. It was a long time before we knew her fate. Then a diver, who went down to the wreck of the *Housatonic*, found the boat and the skeletons of all her crew wedged tight in the very hole she had made. When the water rushed in, after the explosion, it carried the boat in with it; and when the ship went down she carried her destroyers with her."

Rex listened with wide-open eyes to the strange story. Reddy merely remarked, with a grim chuckle, "They bit off more'n they could chew that time."

One afternoon Rex was startled to hear that the ship's course had been changed to west-south-west. Then the rumor came that the small supply of coal on hand and a suspicious case of sickness—which might turn out to be only measles, but which might be small-pox—had determined the captain to head for the Azores—about a day's run distant. Rex chafed under his confinement, when, early the next morning, land was reported on the port bow—the Island of Graciosa. At noon Fayal Island and the lofty peak of Pica were distinctly visible. At 2 P. M. the *Scranton* came to anchor in the harbor of Horta, in nineteen fathoms of water, and saluted the Portuguese flag with twenty-one guns, the salute being returned by the fort.

"Rex could scarcely endure his enforced quiet. He begged the bay men for permission to get up and go on deck, but these servants were too well trained to disobey the surgeon's order.

The next day was spent in coaling—a dirty, disagreeable business, as the fine dust sifts through the ship and settles every-where. Fresh provisions were also taken on board. A bum-boat was permitted to come along-side and sell fruit, eggs, etc., and curios to the men. The Portuguese commandant came off, and was received with usual honors. Toward night all hands were called to heave up anchor, and the ship stood out of port, and resumed her cruise.

A week passed. The wind came out ahead, and continued so persistently. There were frequent squalls and passing showers, but Rex, released from his confinement and permitted to go freely about the decks, though with his wrist bound up, was again happy. He got his "Seaman's Manual" and "Gunnery Catechism," and "boned" at them for hours daily. He hung around the band while they were practicing, and began to learn the names of the instruments and of the pieces played. Several vessels were passed, with many of which signals were exchanged. The daily drills were kept up with tolerable regularity, and Rex learned a good deal by looking on.

At length one bright forenoon, the wind no longer baffled them. They caught "the Portuguese trades," and ran south by east all day and night. Early the next morning Cape St. Vincent Light was reported, and, shortly after, the eyes of all on board were gladdened by the purple outline of the land. On the next morning Cape Trafalgar was in sight on the port bow, and the lofty mountains of Morocco began to be visible.

Rex was standing aft on the port side of the deck feasting his eyes on the distant land, and on the numerous steamers and sailing vessels that were passing, when the chaplain came up. He congratulated the lad on his recovery, and loaned him his opera-glasses to look at a splendid P. and O. steamer that was dipping her colors to the *Scranton*.

"That belongs to the famous Peninsula and Oriental line," said the chaplain, "running between England and the East. They have some fine boats. We shall fall in with them frequently in our cruise."

He glanced round the horizon, and then added,

"This is a veritable highway of nations. All the tim , day and night, vessels of all classes and flags pass through this strait. A large number, as you see, are steamers."

The lad replied, with a look of interest, "But where, sir, is Gibraltar? That ought to be in sight."

"O no!" the chaplain said. "That's at the other end of the strait, on the north side. It's between forty and fifty miles away. The strait is reckoned at from thirty-two to thirty-six miles long, and we are not in it yet."

"Yonder cape," continued the chaplain, pointing to Trafalgar, "has won a memorable name. One can almost call up the fight of eighty years ago, and see the English fleet attack the French and Spaniards, thirty-one ships to forty, and hear the thunder of the broadsides, and see the smoke."

"Is that where Nelson was killed?" asked Rex.

"Yes, on board the *Victory*. England paid dearly for her triumph in losing him."

"But that battle," continued the chaplain, "was not the only one that has been fought here. These waters, away back to Cape St. Vincent, have been dyed red by naval combats almost without number. A queer thing occurred just about where we are now, some eighty-three years ago. A French and Spanish fleet numbering fourteen vessels were retreating from an English force. It was in the night. They had got through the strait when a swift English frigate, sent out in pursuit from Gibraltar, overtook them. Taking advantage of the darkness she ran in between two Spanish ships, and, discharging broadsides right and left, passed swiftly on. The two Spanish ships beat to quarters, and fought each other with great fury, and the mistake was not discovered till they were both in flames."

"And how did it end?" the youth asked, excitedly.

"The vessels both blew up, with a loss of twenty-five hundred men, a greater number than was lost at Trafalgar. Ah! there is Cape Spartel light-house," said the chaplain, looking toward the African side of the strait through his glasses.

He again loaned them to Rex, who quickly picked out the tall structure—a pencil of white against the blue background of the mountains.

"The Moors built it," the chaplain said; "but it is kept up by international contributions. Most of the European nations pay something yearly toward it. Its light can be seen twenty-five miles away."

An officer came up and asked the chaplain if Tangiers was yet in sight.

"Not quite," the chaplain answered. "It is just around the point. You will see a bit of it in a moment. Cape Spartel Light is only seven miles from the town."

"Pretty old town, isn't it?"

"Yes; it goes back to early Phenician times. You have heard of the tradition, of course, that it was founded by the Canaanites who were driven out by Joshua?"

"Whew! is it as old as that?"

"Perhaps older; no one can say."

"It must be a queer place."

"Yes, it is queer," the chaplain replied. "I went over there once in a little steamer from Gibraltar. It was like landing in another world, and a dead one at that. The Moors dress in white and go about in most solemn fashion. They wear high-pointed hoods like Dominicans. They rarely speak, and seldom smile. There are lots of Jews there, and a number of the descendants of the old Riff pirates—fierce-looking fellows, with shaven heads, all but one lock, by which Mohammed is to pull them up to heaven."

"What sort of a town is it?"

"Well, the streets are dirty, narrow, and ill-paved. The houses are whitewashed and glisten in the sun. The market-place outside the walls is curious. You can see long camel trains coming from Fez or Morocco; strings of pretty Barbary donkeys; goat-skin tents; lots of women closely veiled, sitting in groups and waiting for their lords and masters; snake-charmers; story-tellers; soldiers, in blue cloaks and red-peaked caps; musicians, with pipe and tomtom; peasants, armed with yataghan and long gun; all sorts."

Rex longed to listen to the rest of the conversation, but other officers came up, and he withdrew.

The wind was ahead and blew strongly through the strait, but the ship had a four-knot current in its favor. The drills for the day were carried on as usual. Rex was still on the list, and was excused. He studied the Spanish coast, and picked out the Martello towers—the legacy of Moorish days. Every thing was strange to him. He seemed to himself to be in a sort of dream-land.

About 2 P. M. they passed Tarifa, the narrowest part of the strait, and preparations for going into port began to be made. The coverings were taken off the boats, the chafing-gear sent down, the accommodation ladders shipped, etc. An hour later the top of Gibraltar—"the shining rock"—was in sight on the port bow, about twenty miles away. It was dusk when they entered the harbor. The English Channel fleet lay there, consisting of ships larger and more formidable than Rex had ever seen. The *Scranton* steamed slowly in. It *did* seem to Rex that they would never come to anchor. All hands were "standing by," but the order to "let go" was withheld.

"What's the matter?" he asked of Reddy.

"Matter with what?" that youth asked in his turn.

"Why, why don't we do something? It's getting dark."

"I suspect it's only a case of can't-anchor-us-ness," Reddy replied, with a grin.

But the pun was lost in the rattle of the chain as the anchor was let go; and at the sharp order, "Tend side, four side boys," both Reddy and Rex hastened to the gangway. An English lieutenant came along-side, in cocked hat and epaulets. He was duly "piped" by the boatswain's mate, and received at the gangway by the officer of the deck.

"The compliments of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh, and—all that rot, you know," was his salutation, as he shook hands with the officer, and walked aft with him to the cabin ladder. The boys couldn't keep from laughing.

Officers from ships of other nationalities also came along-side, but they expressed their "compliments" and offers of civility in the conventional phrases. The boys were kept standing there till all the visits had been made.

[*To be continued.*]

FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet e'er we part one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

—*Rev. Charles Kingsley.*

THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN B. HARRIS.

PART I.

I AM reminded of my proposal to tell you something about our "war." Causes of it? Well, now, that opens a large question; almost as large as the country itself, which contains 2,300,000 square miles. You know that somewhere away back, about 1610, Henry Hudson (and I beg you will not confound this navigator with that other Hudson of Highland notoriety, yclept Hendrick) found himself in the bay which now bears his name. He was one of the earliest Sir Lancelots whose quest has been the North-west passage, and, like many of his successors in later days, lost his life in the fruitless attempt. His men mutinied, and, leaving him, with his son and a few faithful followers who refused to desert their master, they set sail for England. A year or so afterward an expedition came in search of him, but he was never found, nor any soul of all his company.

Some time after this (of course I cannot bore you with dates) both France and England discovered that there was money to be made by trading scarlet handkerchiefs and glass beads, etc., with the Indians of this new found territory for the magnificent furs which, in those days, were so easy to obtain. I fancy the French were a little ahead of John Bull. French priests, Jesuits, penetrated the country in every direction, enthusiastic in the propagation of their faith; after them came the *voyageurs* and the *couriers du bois*, who went among the Indians, took to themselves wives from among the dusky maidens of the prairie, and so founded the race known to-day as *Mètis*, or Half-breed. The history of the country from that period up to the date of the Confederation of the British Colonies in 1867, would be simply a description often repeated of the struggles between French, English, Indians, and Half-breeds, the Indians sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, for a permanent foothold in the land. True, settlements were established—notably that formed by immigrants from Scotland under the Earl of Selkirk in 1811—but the vast prairies were for the most part the home of the buffalo and the red Indian.

In 1867 Canada became ambitious to "go west," like other young people, and opened up negotiations with the nominal owners of the great North-west, the Hudson Bay Company, for the purchase of their interest in the country. This bargain was concluded in 1869, the consideration being £300,000 sterling, or

about $1,500,000. Well, having bought the property, the next thing was to take possession of it, and this was much more easily planned than executed. The heart of the *Mètis* does not bubble over at the best of times with love for England or Englishmen, and on its being represented to them that they were bought and sold, that the Canadians—who were not Canadians at all, but simply the slaves of *perfide Albion*—were coming to take possession of their country—that the prairie, the buffalo, the beaver, the mink, the otter, were to be theirs no longer—that the sod over which the free feet of their fathers had roamed for centuries was to be wrested from them to be made the camping ground of strangers, they sprang to arms to repel the invader at whatever cost. Thus it happened that when the Lieut.-Governor, sent up from old Canada to take possession of the new, came upon the threshold of his domain he unexpectedly found himself confronted by a small army of Half-breeds, under Louis Riel, whose watchword was "No Thoroughfare," or "Not to-day, Mr. M'Dougall," I forget which. Lieut.-Governor M'Dougall was much hurt at these proceedings and endeavored to reason with the preposterous persons who refused to melt away before the sun of his vice-royalty; but they remained cold and deaf to the voice of reason and royalty, too, and like the valorous "Tommy" boldly asserted that they "didn't care."

There was nothing for it but the issue of a proclamation; the time for mercy was past. A proclamation (fearful alternative!) must be posted up before their very eyes. It was posted, but the Half-breeds, with malice aforethought, and moved thereto by the instigation of the evil one, actually placed their fur-mittened thumbs to their noses at it and danced round it with short pipes in their mouths, as a means of demonstrating in the most conspicuous manner possible that they still "didn't care." Such conduct on the part of mere aborigines was not of course to be tolerated, and His Excellency packed his carpet-bag and went home.

A sterner personage, however, in the form of Colonel Wolseley undertook to teach them manners, and would have done so had they waited until he arrived. Preferring their native coarseness of demeanor, they betook themselves to their accustomed wilds and left Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) to the invader and his Canadian volunteers. This was in August, 1870, and since that time portions of the country have made rapid progress. Towns and cities are springing up, Winnipeg containing some 35,000 inhabitants.

It is scarcely necessary for me to enter into all the details of the trouble which finally culminated in rebellion. You have learned all about it long ago. Riel, the instigator of the incipient revolt in 1870, had been banished from the country for five years, and was pursuing the peaceful vocation of a school-teacher somewhere in Montana. But there can be no doubt he was well aware of all that was going on among his countrymen in the North-west, and when a deputation of them visited him, persuading him to return among them and assist them in obtaining what they called their rights, there are shrewd people who suspect that his surprise at the request and apparent hesitation in yielding to it were not the genuine article. Well, he came among them, and at once began to lay the foundations upon which the superstructure of treason and revolt should be erected. Half Indian, he went among the Indians as one of themselves, working upon their natural jealousy of the pale-face, filling them with absurd stories of how the white man was making preparations to overrun the whole land of the North-west and drive the real owners of the soil to the swamps and muskegs of the far north, there to starve and perish miserably. On the other hand he drew pictures of what he would do for them if they would join in helping him to exterminate the enemy. There were store-houses filled with goods which would make the poor Indian happy and comfortable; there were piles of blankets; there was ammunition in wagon loads; there were tobacco, tea, whisky, rum—all to be had with scarce an effort; only the smashing of a few locks, the bursting in of a few doors, and every thing they now found it so hard to obtain should be at their disposal immediately. And when to the Indian's natural love of plunder were added the incitement of revenge and the hope of driving the invader from the hunting grounds which had been the red man's home for centuries, savage blood was not proof against the artful combination.

Riel was a most seductive if not eloquent speaker; he had received a collegiate education, spoke English, French, and Indian with equal facility, and was looked upon by both Indian and Half-breed as one infinitely superior to themselves. His influence was therefore most powerful. And when he invested himself with the character and sanctity of a prophet, became the exponent of a new religion whose tenets were doubtless easier to be observed than those of the old, a divine messenger sent by heaven to redeem the land from the grasp of the alien and give it back to the children of the soil; to bring back the buffalo and the otter and the beaver—in short, to restore the country to what it once had been—he became lord paramount among the simple people, who implicitly trusted him. These were some of the means adopted to bring about the rebellion, and they were successful.

Early in March, 1885, the Canadian government was made aware of trouble brewing in the North-west, and about the 26th or 27th a message came telling of an encounter between the mounted police and the rebels at Duck Lake, in the vicinity of Fort Carlton. The numbers engaged were variously stated, but it is now known that about two hundred Half-breeds and Indians were under Riel's command, while the police and volunteers numbered about fifty. Not dreaming of actual conflict they had allowed themselves to be taken at a disadvantage, and left some thirteen of their number dead upon the field, the victims of a concealed enemy. Major Crozier retreated to Fort Carlton, and the rebellion was inaugurated. In the East the news spread quickly, and thousands of young fellows who had been playing at soldiers for years now donned the scarlet and rifle-green in earnest for the first time. The government asked for some four thousand men—three times that number fell in at the first sound of the bugle. From Halifax on the east, from Quebec, from Montreal, Kingston, Port Hope, Toronto, London, came the message that the men were under arms and ready to go; while Winnipeg had already sent forward her contingent to the theater of war. Gen. Middleton, the commanding officer of the Canadian militia, had arrived from Ottawa some days before, and had gone forward with the Winnipeg regiments. Learning, however, from his scouts that the enemy was before him in greater force than had been expected, he resolved to await the arrival of re-enforcements from the east. How were these troops to be pushed forward? The upper lakes were yet closed, bound fast in "thick-ribbed ice." The Canadian Pacific was still unfinished. A gap of some eighty miles intervened between the ends of the rails on the west and the ends of the rails on the east. Short stretches of this gap were railed, it is true, and the whole was graded; but it now lay, for the most part, a lonely forest track thickly covered with the snow of one of the hardest winters Canada has ever known, and she has had some experience. How was it possible to march raw troops through these frozen wilds?—young fellows from offices, stores, and shops, who scarcely knew what real hardship meant. There was the straight track through the "land of the free and the home of the brave." In four days the volunteers might be at their destination—why not purchase tickets and go through? Two reasons: one, that it would be scarcely fair to a friendly power to involve her people in possible complications by such a course, even had their consent been assured, which was by no means certain; another, that it was not the part of an independent people to ask such a favor, however readily it might have been granted. Therefore, Canadian soldiers must face the difficulties of their own road, and find their way through the snow-drifts of their own country. Such was the decision, and not a soldier quailed because of it. Orders came to Toronto late on Friday night for two hundred and fifty men of the Grenadiers, two hundred and fifty of the Queen's Own, and

eighty of the Infantry School to be in readiness for the front at a moment's notice. Over five hundred of the Queen's Own were under arms in the drill shed at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, and about a like number of the Grenadiers. Of these, the requisite number was soon selected, and on Monday at 12 they marched away to the station, where the trains were waiting. During the sad days of twenty-five years ago, when so many thousands of your gallant countrymen marched out from city street and quiet village lane to put down rebellion, so small a company as five hundred men would have attracted little attention; but here, where the pomp and circumstance of war had long been unknown, the sight was one to awaken a boundless enthusiasm. The excitement was intense; the streets were filled with an eager, not to be restrained populace, who crowded upon the soldiers, flung bouquets down upon them, marched with them, linked arms with them, were snatched away by frantic policemen, and at last wedged themselves in serried mass about the coaches of the trains, and shouted themselves hoarse as the wheels revolved and the "boys" were gone.

AN ARCTIC ADVENTURE.

BY FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

We had been toiling up a frozen river for three or four days, trying to reach its head and determine if we could get through the mountains said to be there by the Esquimau musk-ox hunters, for on finding a pass through them that would be available for dogs and heavily laden sledges depended whether we could make a "bee-line" to the Arctic Ocean from Hudson's Bay next spring, or whether we would have to make a great detour to avoid them.

By "we" I mean besides myself my Esquimau dog-driver Toolooah and his wife and baby boy, for the Esquimaux always take their families with them on a journey, the women being as necessary to sew and repair the foot-gear, worn out each day, and cook the meals morning and night, as the men are to build the snow-houses and kill the reindeer which the women cook.

It was in the depth of an arctic winter, the early days in January, in fact, and the spirit thermometer was curling up in the bulb trying to keep warm, dragging in its toes under the scale till they marked 50 and 60 degrees below zero. Nearly all the reindeer had migrated farther south, so cold was it, the birds had long since flown, and all we saw was an occasional gaunt arctic wolf flitting over the barren hills covered with snow, or a polar hare go running to his snow-house over a pile of rocks.

When Toolooah dug the ice-well to get fresh water as we camped, I noted that the ice was six and seven feet thick, for I had to allow that much more on the length of my fish-line when I dropped it through the ice-well to fish for the salmon that there abound. Of such thick ice of course no one could fear; for it appears that it needs but an inch and a half to support a man, four inches to support horsemen, five inches to support a field cannon, ten inches to support a multitude as thick as they can stand, and eighteen inches to support a railroad train; six and seven feet, therefore, should support a mountain. The river we were ascending seemed to be a series of long lakes, two to three miles long, joined by shallow connecting streams seldom over a hundred yards in length, and only a few yards in width, and through the ice the large stones often protruded indicating their depth. I noticed in walking over the ice of these parts of the river that they gave forth a reverberating sound, as if they were hollow, but I paid but little attention to that, thinking they were safe enough. It was in the middle of the afternoon when we were crossing one of these places, Toolooah and the sledge being a short way ahead of me, when I heard a shivering crash in that direction, as if the whole glass front of a store had been battered in at one blow. The sledge had broken one runner through the thin ice on the rocky portage. I rushed toward the place, but before I was half-way, as if a glass trap-door had given away underneath, with a jangling of broken ice, one leg went through it, but my foot struck on a stone underneath, and from here I scrambled back, and Toolooah motioned me to the shore, which I sought by the most direct route. The dogs were taken off of the sledge and a long, strong walrus line extended from the protruding runner to the shore, where the dogs were again hitched, and by carefully unloading part we soon had it out. It was not until after we were safe on the next lake that I learned from Toolooah how narrow an escape we had had.

When the first severe cold snap of the winter comes, and the lakes and rivers are frozen over, many small springs and water-sources are obliterated, and the rivers and streams fall considerably as a consequence. Over the wide parts of the rivers the ice falls with the water, but in these shallow parts the protruding stones, acting like pillars, hold it up, and there is a thick stratum of air between thin ice and roaring river beneath, thick enough to prevent the latter from again freezing. Thus, while we may have six and seven feet of ice on the river lakes there may not be one third as many inches on these rocky parts, and buoyed up in a most trap-like manner to engulf one in a place where nine cases out of ten the unfortunate would not escape. I can see that black rushing torrent sweeping through the great bowlders yet that was revealed to me as I pulled my leg out of the hole in the shell ice, my own foot striking a stone in a most miraculous manner. Toolooah blamed himself for being so careless at a place where the Esquimaux are always so exceedingly careful, for of the accidents known few have escaped. Ice a couple of inches thick may bear a man if resting on the water, but if buoyed above a roaring rapid like a watch crystal, it is a most dangerous trap.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

1812! That was the date.

Out from the harbors of Provincetown, Gloucester, and all along the coast the fleet privateers were speeding toward the open sea like white gulls drifting upon poised wings toward a school of herring, or swung at their anchors behind the sand-pits and headlands taking in stores, water, ammunition, replacing sails that were riddled with grape-shot, and spars that would have fallen but for the fids with which they were spliced like broken limbs in splints and bandages.

Those were stirring times indeed for the coast people of the United States. Often nearly the whole male population was afloat, and bitterly were the convoys of English merchantmen made aware of the audacity and strength of the Yankee sea-hawks in the night and mists that shrouded them often while sailing homeward from the shores of Hindostan.

On board their stately men-of-war at sunset the fluttering signals would rise to mastheads bidding the scattered sail to close up for the night; hours afterward they would hear upon the outskirts of the fleet a sudden rattle of musketry, perhaps the heavy boom of a cannon, and a frigate would turn like a watchful shepherd's dog, and surge swiftly toward the sound; but the fight would be over long before the war-ship reached the scene, and the morning sun would tell the commodore that his fleet was less numerous by several sail than on the night before, while leagues away, ships of English make and eastern laden, but manned by Yankee crews, sailed down behind the arc of troubled seas and found harbor in some Massachusetts port, instead of anchoring at Liverpool.

In every household along Cape Cod the women-folk knew how to run a rifle bullet, and over the chimney somewhere hung a long-barreled flintlock, with a wooden stock running

the whole length of the barrel, and its ramrod having a hollow in the end. So it was in the home of little Sam Atkins of Provincetown, tow-headed little Sam, who was born with the century, and was consequently but twelve years old.

Sam knew a good deal about war matters, considering his age. In the first place, his brother was away in a privateer; in the second, he was himself the captain of the Reed Creek Coast-guard, who, armed with wooden swords and manning a worm-eaten whaleboat, pushed boldly out upon the waters of Provincetown harbor, and patrolled on Saturdays the opposite shore, with an occasional race across the narrow point of sand to the shore upon the other side, where the blue waters of the broad Atlantic beat unceasingly. Once from that point they had spied an English ship reconnoitering the coast, and rowed breathlessly homeward to give the alarm; and from that day they had looked upon themselves as men.

That was the beginning of some of Sam's troubles. Men carried flintlocks, and went to sea. He was too little to go to sea, and his father's gun was two feet longer than himself, and in addition to that trifling drawback he was never allowed to take it from the house, although he had often taken it from the brackets and, leveling it across the low window-sill, had bored a round hole through a distant barrel-head upon the shore, his grandfather showing him how to load and hold it. Sam's father was in an English prison, and old Mr. Atkins would say when the women-folk remonstrated against the noise,

"Sammy 'll have to shoulder it in airnest some day; ye cairnt begin too soon to teach him to hold straight 'n' fire low."

There was no appeal against that, and for a little fellow Sam became a very good shot. But that only made it the more aggravating to be again and again refused permission to take the gun upon a war-path of his own and wreak mischief among the kittywake gulls that flew along the bars and sandy points, or rested light as thistledown upon the dancing water. Powder was scarce and lead too precious to be lightly thrown away; so his darling wish remained ungratified.

Often and often would he lift the gun down, and with an old knife for screw-driver he would take it to pieces, rub it inside and out with rags and ashes, until the steel shone like silver and his face was red with exertion; then he would oil it thoroughly and put it together again, drop on one knee, and level it from the door-way at some distant imaginary red-coat, and "kling!" the pan would ring as the flint struck it when he pulled the trigger, and the bright sparks flashed from their meeting. Grandfather Atkins would look on and laugh, and tell long-drawn and exciting tales between the puffs of his Indian pipe, how he had carried that same gun and "fit" in the old French wars, and perhaps would lift up the still luxuriant thatch of silvery hair that covered his head and show the long, white, seamy scar, where a redskinned warrior's scalping knife had scraped acquaintance before its owner's hand had been arrested by the biting bullet. It was well that at least one settler had his rifle loaded just then, or there would never have been any Sammy Atkins, and then where would my story be?

One day Sam's ship came—that is to say, his brother's—with every inch of sail set that would draw, and men letting buckets down into the sea and dashing water up against the sails to make them hold the wind better while the big shot from the long gun of a pursuing cruiser that flaunted the red cross of England ever and anon went driving by, plowing up the water in a long, white streak. It was touch and go, but the Yankee won it, and as the men-of-war at anchor slipped their cables and stood out to meet the bold Englishman the latter swept gracefully around, let fly a whole broadside, and sailed away.

Perhaps there was some one happier than Sam that night when his brother handed him as a present a can of powder and a bar of lead; but it is doubtful. He ran into the house hugging his treasures and shouting, "Hurrah! Now for the gun!" till the very rafters rang. Grandfather Atkins was himself too happy to refuse any thing, and promised him that he should have the flintlock next day if he desired; and did he not? As I said, Sam's ship had now come in. He spent a long time that evening running bullets in a mold, and carefully paring off the necks which marked where the hole had been through which he had poured the molten lead. He made a tunnel of a bit of paper and filled his powder-horn, taking good care not to be too near the open fire-place meanwhile. Finally he went to bed and dreamed that a gigantic kittywake had flown up from the sea with Sam's best cap on, and the shoes which he wore to church Sundays upon his feet. He was just on the point of arguing the impropriety of such conduct, when he awoke to find the sun shining in his face through the little diamond-paned window.

Sam's grandfather had a deal of the true thrifty nature that marks the native New Englander. Taking possession of the boy's pouch that morning he counted out three bullets.

"There, Sammy," he said, cheerfully, "when I used to go out arter deer I used to take about three bullets, never more 'n' five; 'n' if I brought back a deer I ginerally had two left. There's your three, an' I expec' you to give a good account of 'em when you get home. Don't you go an' waste 'em by firin' at chunks o' wood, or such nonsense, for I sh'll ask you about every one."

If Sam was disappointed at the smallness of the allowance, he went off with a great load of responsibility and gun metal upon his shoulders, and with as light a heart as though it had been a magician's wand.

It was a long way by land around the shore where he meant to cross over to the sea-beach, and long before he reached it his legs began to tire and the gun seemed to grow heavier at every step. At last he came in sight of the blue water from the top of a sand dune, and throwing himself down among the bunch grass, he lay panting for several moments.

There was a bright light upon the water, a dazzling glare, which prevented his looking far to seaward; but down the coast toward Truro a thick smoke was rising in the still air in an almost perpendicular column, before it finally bent over as it met an upper current and slowly drifted away inland. Sam looked, wondered, and finally jumped up and started toward the beach, thinking that perhaps he could get a better view from there, when faintly from the distance came the familiar "Honk! honk!" as a flock of wild geese rounded the point and bore down, following the line of the shore, in a wedge-shaped cloud. Geese! Sam dropped behind the dune as though he were shot, his heart fluttering with excitement. If only he could get one! It would just prove to Grandfather Atkins that he could handle a gun as well as any one; and he made sure that the priming was all right and softly cocked the flintlock.

The leader of the flock, an old gray gander, who had seen many a storm since first he broke the shell, saw nothing to tell him that two bright eyes were flashing behind that tuft of bunch grass; saw not the—what might have been, but wasn't—dark stick of driftwood resting across the top of the sandy dune; heard only the rustle of his own pinions and those of his following, until a sudden glare lit up the reeds followed by a mighty roar. On flew the gander with a wild "Honk! honk!" but the next one closed its wings suddenly, and dropped downward through the air without a struggle, striking the sandy beach with a heavy thud.

Hurrah! Sam's first thought was to perform a war-dance; his next was to rush down after his dead goose; his third was his grandfather's oft-repeated injunction never to stop to examine his game until he had reloaded his gun; and as the scar on the ancient warrior's head had each time been shown as a warning that disagreeable results had followed at least one neglect of the important rule, he stopped short, lowered the butt of the gun down the friendly slope and exultantly loaded the weapon, even though it was only a goose.

It took him some little time, however, and when he finished and stood upon the summit of the dune he was surprised to see a boat rowing rapidly along shore from the direction of

Truro, and it needed but a glance at the red-coated officer in the stern-sheets to tell him that it was filled with British. I do not believe that even a wildcat would have terrified Sam as much as did that peaceful-looking boat. His feet seemed glued to the sand, and his face matched his hair in color. This then was the reason for that cloud of smoke! and swiftly to his mind came the memory of his father chained in an English prison across the sea, and he saw himself in vision bound, dragged into the boat, thrust down into the dark hold of a man-of-war, and carried away from home and mother to be chained as his father was!

What the sailors saw was a head and shoulders peering at them across the dunes, with a long gun held conveniently, and the knowledge that their house-burning exploits along the coast must soon be known did not increase their equanimity. A cloud of smoke hid them from view amid the crackle of a volley of musketry, and through the reeds around Sam hummed the bullets, cutting them off here and there, and plowing up the sand on either side, one boring a hole through his cap.

That was enough for Sam. It brought him out of his trance of terror in a second. Boy as he was, he thought of his home, of his country—of his father! Behind the dune he dropped, and once again across it lay the barrel of the rifle. As the smoke arose that hid the boat from view an answering shot rang angrily across the barren sands, and the red-coated officer leaped upward and fell face downward in the boat, while the panic-stricken sailors rowed lustily out to sea where their ship was standing off and on.

Sam put his hand up to his head. Yes, it was still upon his shoulders, although there was a hole, now, in the cap that covered it. He looked at the boat; it was out of range. He cast his eye toward the beach; there was his goose, lying with folded wings; and swinging the heavy gun upon one shoulder he balanced the heavier bird upon the other, and the road was short on the homeward way.

Loud were the congratulations as he entered the door and flung the great goose upon the floor. They heard his story with wrathful wonder, to think that the British should dare! and the hole in the cap came in for its share in the story. When the tale was over, however, Grandfather Atkins slowly crossed one leg over the other as he sat upon the highback settle, and looking at Sam quizzically from beneath his bushy white brows, remarked,

"Ye think ye're a good deal of a man, now, Sammy, and p'raps ye're right; but ye haven't told us yet what ye did with the other bullet!"

"O never mind the other bullet, father!" his mother said, hastily, fearing lest the boy's happiness might receive a check.

But Sam straightened up in a dignified way, and tossing his pouch upon the settle, answered,

"Here it is!"

And when the old man had laughed his fill, he leaned back for a moment, looked the boy over, and answered,

"'Nough said! Sammy, the gun is yours."

MEN AND MARVELS OF THE COAL REGION.

BY R. T. WILEY.

I.

PENNSYLVANIA produces more coal than any other State in the Union. That found in the eastern part is called anthracite; it is hard, glossy, clean to touch, and burns in a red mass with little blaze and no smoke. That in the western part is called bituminous, and is much softer than the anthracite, being easily broken apart, especially when slightly warmed. It burns with a great crackling and blazing, and in doing so gives off a dense black smoke and soot. It soils the hands to touch it, and the men who dig it from the hills become as black as the coal itself after working but a few hours in it.

These are the two leading varieties of coal, and their common names are hard and soft coal. There are other varieties of coal, and there are grades found between these two, partaking somewhat of the nature of both. The hard coal produces the more intense heat, and is very useful in melting metals. From its greater cleanliness and heating properties it is also preferred for warming houses, where both varieties can be obtained. But it is lacking in many of the properties which make the softer coal valuable and useful. From the latter only can the illuminating gas be made, with which the streets and houses of our cities and towns are lighted. In the process of extracting this gas from the coal a black, pitch-like substance is also obtained. This is the coal-tar extensively used in street paving, and in some kinds of roofing. And from this black, forbidding-looking mass there are also extracted dyeing materials by means of which many of the most beautiful and brilliant colors can be produced—the aniline dyes sold in drug-stores.

It is of this bituminous or soft coal that these articles will chiefly treat. But first let us consider what coal is, and how it originated. It lies in beds or veins, varying from a few inches to many feet in thickness, often extending under many miles of country, and lying level or nearly so, like the ledges of rock that all have seen cropping out on hill-sides, or exposed to view in railroad cuttings. In the anthracite region it is usually deep down under-ground, and is only reached by sinking a shaft, like a great well, far into the ground, or a "slope," up which cars are drawn. But in the bituminous region the coal seams are found, for the most part, in high ground; and wherever a river like the Monongahela cuts through the country, its bed is far below the coal level, and the mine is started right into the face of the hill at the proper height.

Wise men who have studied the matter carefully all agree that coal is not a rock, and not even a form of earth, but is the remains of what was once vegetable growth. In the ages long, long before you and I were here to be benefited by the use of coal, the kind Creator had our comfort in view, and caused dense forests of the most beautiful forms of plant life to grow on low, flat parts of the country. Some of these plants attained wonderful size. There were lovely ferns, such as we gather in the cool, dark recesses of the forest, only they often grew to a height of twenty feet and more. Other beautiful forms that we do not now see on the earth were here, and all attained great size, growing in such dense and tangled masses, with vines and creepers, that had man been there he could scarcely have passed among them.

The ground on which they grew, being low and flat, was damp and swampy, and often was covered with water. As the plants would die and fall down into this swamp, others would grow up over them, and as the ages passed the mass of fallen vegetable matter steadily grew, dead, and yet in a manner preserved, being probably for a long period in a half-pulpy state. The accumulation on top constantly pressed down that which was under it. All this time it was drinking in gases from the surrounding air and even storing up some properties brought to it by the rays of sunlight.

Then, as now, streams of water flowed from the higher to the lower lands, and then, as now, they carried sand and clay down with them. After a long time the deep valleys became filled up with this and it began to spread out over the low plains. Gradually the thick beds of vegetable remains were hidden from sight. Higher grew the solid earth over them, until sometimes great hills covered them, the sand grew into solid rock, and the remains of the ancient forests after long ages were pressed into the level seams of coal which we now find.

STRAIGHT is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Walk by the first, and thou shalt see
The other ever follow thee.—*J. G. Holland.*

MORMON WATER-WORKS.

It was late in the evening when we reached Salt Lake City, and after a poor supper at a miserable hotel we retired, only to discover how much worse the sleeping accommodations were than any thing else connected with the place.

Jim and I were about seven years old, and had our parents with us. For four days we had been shut up in the cars, where we had made life miserable for certain grouty old gentlemen and acidulated spinsters. The prospect of plenty of room in which to give vent to our suppressed spirits seemed delightful; so bright and early the next morning we sallied forth to get a glimpse of the city of "much married" men, as Artemus Ward calls the Mormons.

The first thing that attracted our attention was the beautiful limpid stream which ran before the hotel, and which, but for the marvelous purity of the water, we should have instantly pronounced a gutter. Extending our observations, we discovered that a similar phenomenon was presented upon the other side of the street, save that over there we descried what upon closer examination proved to be a miniature saw-mill, whose wheel was turned by the swiftly running water. It suddenly dawned upon us that, in view of the abnormal proportion of children in the "chosen city," this very simple plan had been devised to afford amusement for the swarms of little Mormons. Resolved that when in "Mormondom" we would do as Mormons do, we withdrew to our side of the street to begin active operations.

As it would be impossible to build a water-wheel before breakfast we decided to make preparations for a mill site, and procure the mill as soon as possible. The wheel across the street simply dipped in the water, and was revolved by the current. Jim, who had an uncle in the lumber districts of Pennsylvania, spoke contemptuously of this plan:

"These old Mormons don't know nuthin' 'bout mills. A mill aint any good without a dam. What we want is a dam."

A dam! What an inspiration. Of course we wanted a dam. We laughed at the idea of a mill without that all-important accessory, as we hurriedly pulled off those very superfluous articles, shoes and stockings.

In a few minutes we were hard at work; the cool water swept by our feet delightfully as we made soundings and selected the most suitable spot for our proposed bit of engineering. A detached curb-stone served as a foundation, and with pebbles and pieces of turf we soon succeeded in pretty effectually interrupting the current of the stream. The water gradually backed up, and began to run out into the street, where it formed a big pool in a hollow of the roadway. We were wild with delight; we had not only a dam, but a river and lake besides!

Resting from our labor we discovered that we had an audience of benighted little Mormons, who were observing our operations with evident awe and astonishment. We were happier than ever; the pleasure of building the dam was insignificant in comparison with the bliss of being able to show off before these many-mothered little heathen. We were making a sensation and were happy, but it is possible to carry a sensation too far. There is such a thing as gaining too much prominence. We soon found ourselves in that unenviable position.

How, pray, were we to know that this stream constituted the water supply for the people along the street? In view of our ignorance was it a courteous thing for an irate old polygamist to come up the street with his empty pails and talk to us as though we were a couple of his early wives? We naturally felt hurt, and, collecting our shoes and stockings, withdrew to seek the protection of our natural guardians. When we came out after breakfast the stream was running on as though nothing had happened. The dam had disappeared, and—a fact for which we were profoundly grateful—so had the Mormon. It is, perhaps, needless to add that during the rest of our stay we made no further attempts to improve the water-works of Salt Lake City.

G. E. V.

A LITTLE LECTURE.

Those who ridicule "women's rights" say that the agitators want all the rights of men, and yet expect to be treated as women. Here is a little talk by a woman who wanted to be treated as a man. Mr. Robert J. Burdett reports the conversation:

Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant to have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet, I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer, "Come, let's get a cigar," and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon, you said, "Just in time, John, come take lunch with us." And then to-night, when we found the train nearly an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me and said, in a questioning way, "Would you like a cup of coffee?" And I did want it; I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me, and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect, you said to me: "If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you." You are the best husband in the world, but you do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily, as you do men? Why didn't you say, "Come, let's get a little coffee and something," and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man, "Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?" Then why do you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband, if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club.

A NEW RECEIPT.

Ladies who are fond of learning new methods in cooking may be interested in the following receipt from the "Baltimore American." It is sure to please the husbands:

Miss Corson said in the Baltimore cooking-school that a Baltimore lady had written a recipe for "cooking husbands so as to make them tender and good." It is as follows: A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in a pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good, managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackeral, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place.

HOW A WOMAN BECAME A PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Judged by the generally accepted principle that any thing is fair in love or war, the means described in the following paragraph of winning a husband seem justifiable. It is rather unusual for a lover to put his lady-love to a test like this, and we cannot blame her very severely for her artifice. "Carp" tells the story in the "Cleveland Leader:"

Dolly Madison, the brilliant and beautiful wife of the fourth President, rather imposed upon Mr. Madison during their courtship, and the blind god of love made him believe her to be much more intellectual than she really was. He was in doubt, however, and he determined to test her. To do so he sent her a semi-philosophical book to read just as he was about to leave for Virginia, and he asked her to send him a written opinion of its merits after she had read it. Madison, by the way, was at this time a member of Congress at Philadelphia, and he was boarding at the home of his sweetheart, who was then a buxom young widow. As

soon as he had left for Virginia the sly Dolly took the book to Col. Aaron Burr. She told him of her predicament, and got him to write the letter for her. Of course, it was a masterpiece, as Burr was one of the most cultured and scholarly men of his age. She then mailed the letter to Madison at Montpelier. He was delighted with the wonderful intelligence it exhibited, and he proposed instanter upon his return to Philadelphia.

SKOBELEFF'S CHARGE.

SKOBELEFF was a Russian cavalry officer who became the idol of his nation in the last war with the Turk. He was reckless of his own safety and always *led* his division. The war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, gives a stirring picture of Skobeleff's charge at Plevna in his book, "Souvenirs of Some Continents:"

Skobeleff had now in reserve but two battalions of riflemen; but they were picked men, the best soldiers in his command. He closed his glass, he swung himself into the saddle; his sword flashed from his scabbard; his voice rang out loud, clear, and calm, as he galloped out to the front of the deployed riflemen, and bade his "brothers" to follow him. As he rode on he gathered up and rallied the stragglers; he reached the wavering, fluctuating mass, swaying there in the hell-fire, and sent thrilling and tingling through it the sublime inspiration of his own high courage. He caught up, as it were, the whole mass, and carried it bodily forward with a rush and a cheer. The whole redoubt was a pandemonium of flame and smoke, from out of which rose screams, shouts, cries of agony and defiance, along with the deep-mouthed bellowing of the cannon, and the steady, awful, ruthless crash of the deadly rifle-fire. Skobeleff's sword was cut in two in the middle as he waved it above his head. Then a moment later, just as he was gathering his horse together for a leap across the ditch, horse and man rolled together on the ground—the horse shot and done with, the man alive and unharmed. Skobeleff sprang nimbly to his feet with a shout; the men he led responded; then, with a sharp, savage yell, the whole mass of men streamed after the white-coated leader across the ditch, up the face, over the parapet, and swept down into the redoubt like a whirlwind. There ensued a few fierce moments of desperate hand-to-hand fighting; then numbers and the bayonet had done their work, and a hoarse shout told that Skobeleff had captured the Krishine redoubt, and that at last one the most important defenses of Plevna was in the hands of the Russians.

The redoubt was held during thirty-six hours of continuous fighting; re-enforcements were refused, and Skobeleff came out almost alone, as MacGahan has so graphically described him:

He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with blood, mud, and filth, his sword broken, his cross of St. George twisted round on his shoulder, his face black with powder and smoke, his eyes haggard and blood-shot, and his voice quite gone. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented. I saw him again in his tent at night. He was then quite calm and collected. He said:

"I have done my best; I could do no more. My detachment is half destroyed; my regiments do not exist; I have no officers left; they sent me no re-enforcements; I have lost three guns."

"Why did they refuse you re-enforcements?" I asked. "Who was to blame?"

"I blame nobody," answered Skobeleff; "it was the will of God."

RATS AND EGGS.

THREE persons have written to "St. James's Gazette" upon the same subject—egg-stealing by rats. Can any of our correspondents add to these stories?

One letter is from the Rev. Frederick Braithwaite, St. Marylebone, who writes:

"In the West Indies rats have been seen to carry off eggs thus: One rat clasps the egg in his four paws, and another seizes his tail and draws him and the egg to their hole. They also help themselves to molasses when put into a bottle in the following way: The neck being too narrow to admit his head, the rat dips his tail into the bottle and then licks it."

The second letter is from Mr. J. S. Benest, of Norwich, who writes:

"Some fifty years ago, I was a pupil at St. James's Collegiate School, in Jersey. The principal of this school possessed some fine Dorking fowls, and being a *bon viveur*, their eggs were his special delight for breakfast. These eggs mysteriously disappeared from the nests, and the natural conclusion arrived at by him was that they had become the prey of some one of the unruly spirits under his charge. A strict watch was kept, but the eggs disappeared as usual. I was on watch one day, and I was attracted by the stealthy and peculiar movements of three old rats, when suddenly I saw one roll an egg to the edge of the nest, and the two others helped it gently down to the pebbled floor of the stable in which the nests were. Once on the floor, how to get it away without breaking against the stones was the evident problem in the minds of the thieves. This was solved (incredibly as it may appear) by one of the rats lying on his back and the other two rolling the egg up between the four paws, and they then seizing him by the tail and dragging him over the stones to their hole."

The third letter is from a lady who lives in Portland Place, London:

"Some rats were observed by a gentleman to be in the act of stealing hens' eggs. It was in a shed, or boarded outhouse, and this was the process: One rat clutches an egg firmly between his four legs, he turns on his back, and his companion rats drag him and his load along the way they would go. By pushing and dragging, the feat is accomplished; and so many eggs are carted off, with very small inconvenience to the rat who allows himself to become a sledge. Another trick of rats is to get out the contents of a bottle of olive oil; and this was also seen by the same interested observer. The cork is gnawed off, and the sagacious animals insert their tails, and so easily get out the liquid.

"SHINE 'EM UP."

DAY and Martin's blacking is known every-where. But when its manufacture was commenced in London no one knew its merit. To advertise it the proprietors employed a liveried footman to go to all the shoe-stores in the city inquiring for Day and Martin's blacking, and taking no other. Of course, the dealers promised to send for it, and in this way the foundation was laid for an enormous sale. There is a pleasant story of the way Mr. Day came into possession of the receipt for making it:

A poor soldier called one day at the shop of a hair-dresser to ask relief to enable him to pay for a coach ride, so as to avoid punishment for not returning to his regiment inside of his leave of absence. The hair-dresser listened respectfully to his story and gave him a guinea. Astonished at the amount, the soldier exclaimed,

"God bless you, sir! How can I ever repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket. "It is a receipt for making blacking. It is the best that ever was seen; many a half-guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold. May you be able to get something from it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier."

He did not overestimate its value, for it proved worth a half-million to the hair-dresser, who was Mr. Day. That guinea was well invested, as are all gifts worthily bestowed.

A NEW WORD.

IT is as a rule much easier to make words than it is to make people adopt them, but the device of an Irish theatrical manager put one word into the language in a single day:

The word "quiz," to make fun of, or to poke fun at, a person, was the coinage of a theatrical manager in Dublin, who, at a drinking party with his friends on Saturday night, where the conversation turned upon the subject of words, offered to bet the wine that he could then and there coin a word which would be in the mouths of all Dublin next day. The bet being taken and the party dispersed, the manager called up his call-boys and runners, gave them pieces of chalk, and ordered them to run all over the city chalking the word "quiz" on every door, shutter, and fence they came to. This was done, and as a matter of course the new word was in every body's mouth the next day. The manager won his bet, and the word is now in all respectable dictionaries.

TELEGRAPHIC AND OTHER BLUNDERS.

PEOPLE like to put the blame for their own carelessness upon the shoulders of others, and the telegraph has in many instances helped them out of their own blunders. A Charlestown man, however, has only himself and the imperative mood to blame for something which cost him both money and temper.

He was in Paris with his family, but was suddenly called home on a matter of business. Upon his arrival he found the matter one which would require but little time, and he therefore sent a cable message to his absent wife that he would return immediately. Ocean telegrams are costly, and our friend thought to diminish expenses by reducing his message to the two words "Return immediately." She would of course understand that he was coming back. But she read the dispatch with some consternation, packed up baggage and children, hurried across the channel, and took the first steamer for Charlestown, little thinking that her husband was just embarking from Boston. The husband will pay for a pronoun when he has occasion to use the cable again.

But the telegraph is sometimes at fault, and in its way perpetrates some good jokes. The following is a sample of its powers of mangling:

A young man, when about to start for his new parish, was unexpectedly detained by the incapacity of his Presbytery to ordain him. In order to explain his non-arrival at the appointed time, he sent the following telegram to the deacons of the church: "Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain." In the course of its journey the message got strangely metamorphosed, and reached the astonished deacons in this shape: "Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." The sober church officers were sorely discomposed and mystified, but after grave consultation, concluded it was the minister's facetious way of announcing that he had got married, and accordingly proceeded to provide lodging for two instead of one.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *to one address; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

He was a fine-looking fellow; a well-dressed and handsome fellow, evidently refined in his tastes, and certainly agreeable in manners; a graduate of H—— University, and now a teacher. His name was Harry. It was easy to drop into a conversation with him. He was attractive and, after the last word, left a pleasant impression. Such agreeable acquaintance a Pullman parlor car occasionally affords.

Harry talked freely. He had his tastes and opinions; knew much about the leading colleges of the day and their peculiar views and policies; was not a believer in the elective scheme, nor yet fully satisfied with the rigorous and old-time classic *régime*. He was "*not* a Methodist." He was partly Congregational and partly "Episcopal;" liked one more than the other, and went to either or both according to circumstances. He was "not a Methodist." He said that twice.

As our conversation continued, Harry betrayed a singular familiarity for a young college man, and a Congregationalist or "Episcopalian," with Methodist Episcopal names and ways. He knew the editors and the Church papers. He spoke of class-meetings and conferences. He saw the name of "Cranston & Stowe" on a paper we held, and remarked,

"That used to be 'Hitchcock & Walden,' didn't it?"

We saw that he was at home in the nomenclature of Methodism, and asked,

"Were you not brought up in a Methodist Episcopal family?"

He answered: "Yes; all my life, until recently. I am not now a Methodist. Our whole family was Methodist until a very short time ago. But we left."

We found out why. For all action there is a reason. Harry left Methodism because his father did. His father and family left on the occasion of a church trouble. We inferred that the "trouble" was the occasion, and not the cause, of the leaving. It was a good time to go. They went. We probed Harry still further and found that he was quite willing to go—glad to go. We tried to find out why he was glad. We succeeded. Harry "didn't like prayer-meetings and revivals." He "didn't like responses in meeting"—unless they were printed in a book. He didn't like "working on the emotions." Besides, there were a "good many common people in the Church," and "common people are not agreeable, you know." Then Harry smiled a pleasant smile, and twisted his light—light-weight, light-shade—mustache and looked out of the car window like "a high-born fellow, you know."

We did not give Harry up, for he was a most agreeable talker, and seemed to be in earnest, and was willing to discuss matters. We gave him our views about revivals. We conceded the occurrence now and then of uncomfortable episodes in religious meetings, where liberty of speech and entire extemporaneousness in prayer are allowed; where weak people and impulsive people and hysterical people have a right to express themselves; where personal joy over personal salvation finds a tongue and is permitted to tell about the lifting of burdens, and the scattering of clouds, and the healing of wounds, and the banishing of despair, and the triumph of hope, and where this expression does sometimes shatter the college boy's rules of grammar and the society man's canons of taste. Would Harry forbid this freedom? Would he stop the mouth of a reformed drunkard, or the glad utterances of the reformed drunkard's wife, or a song of victory over the assurance of divine acceptance? Allowing the experience to be real, would he forbid the expression? "Certainly not," but then he "liked silence." In the cemetery of his native town Harry could find—silence. But then he could also find it, and for the same reason, in some churches.

The æsthetic element in Harry was very strongly developed. It usually is in young people of a certain kind and degree of culture. If they are society people this development is more marked and its influence very great. They don't like any thing that is "out of taste," or that certain frigid and worldly people pronounce to be "out of taste." It offends them. They are ashamed to have any thing occur in any of their meetings that savors of emotion, or that violates laws of accurate speech, or that "nice people" would laugh at. Such æsthetic youths would have a hard time in war. It would be "dreadful" to have to stay away from all the modern conveniences and to be compelled to live in such rough ways. How "awful" hospital ministries would be! What vulgar things have to be done there! Kitchen-work is so much "out of taste," and helping mother care for baby, and going to the grocery, and watching by old auntie dying with cancer! What perfectly terrible violations of taste in the days of Christ, when blind men called out to him, and mothers crowded forward with their children for a blessing, and lepers praised him, and children shouted "Hosanna!" and people spread garments and palm-branches in the way. And he—the Christ—approved it all. We tried to show Harry that "taste" is a very selfish and a very dangerous thing when carried too far, and that it is easy to carry it too far; that reality, sturdy reality, sometimes allows and requires things which weak "propriety" condemns; that true work for men, bold, rugged, manly, merciful, divine work for men, must care very little for conventionalities; that men who save souls, like men who save nations, must break loose from such pettiness and do manful work in heroic way. We told him that Methodist ministers, as a class, whatever may be said about largeness or lack of "culture," were pre-eminently men of profound earnestness and plain, bold speech and sound common sense, and that they were, through their very vigor and loyalty to reality, in danger of depreciating the little conceits and temporary decrees of æstheticism. As for these men, they could not stay in a cemetery. If they did stones would speak, graves open, and the dead come forth. We made Harry ashamed of his "taste" and "Lubin" and dilettanteism, as he began to think of the heroic faith and good sense and unflinching purpose to do good and bring souls

into the eternal heaven which characterize the Church and ministry he and his family had forsaken.

THE "emotion" troubled Harry. Well, hysterical emotion and manufactured emotion and uncontrolled emotion sometimes trouble us. But there is a true emotion. Liberty cannot be given to the true without making way for the display of the false. And it is better to have a little wild-fire than to smother the real fire. Where would Harry find life without emotion? Among his college classmates? On the base-ball ground? At the boat-race? At a cane rush? On the campus when the songs began? At the class supper? Where would he find freedom from emotion? Among school-boys? In the court-room? In a nursery? At the theater? Among tourists in Switzerland? At a political meeting? In Congress? Where? There is one place—among the permanent residents of a cemetery. But Harry wants emotion repressed in only one place—a church meeting, where, if anywhere on earth, emotion is fitting and necessary; where those themes are discussed which are more likely than any other to awaken the noblest and most effective emotions of the soul; where there cannot be thought or conviction without emotion; where to be alive is to be subject to the play of emotion. Harry wants the church to be a cemetery with tombs and tablets and columns and art and—silence! Ah! Harry, you don't know what the Church is for, nor what it holds in its heart, nor how it came to be, nor who reigns over it. If you want silence, broken only by conventional or liturgic provision, don't go back to Pentecost. Don't try to bring back the day of the Master's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Don't go to Methodist meetings. Don't pass the gates of the celestial city, where

> "rush of hallelujahs
> Fills all the earth and sky!"

and where

> "'Hallelujah' they cry,
> To the King of the sky,
> To the great everlasting I AM;
> To the Lamb that was slain,
> And that liveth again,—
> 'Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!'"

As for the objection based upon the presence of "the common people," Harry did not press it very strongly after we had shown our colors on the æsthetic question. He saw it could not weigh with us. We believe in common sense and ruggedness of soul and thorough work, and in the democratic ideas of Christianity. Harry was afraid we might quote texts out of the Gospel concerning Jesus Christ—such as, "The common people heard him gladly," and "He ate with publicans and sinners." Perhaps Harry remembered the commission given by the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Or he may have recalled the fact that the disciples at the beginning were "common people," and that the majority of the earliest believers were *very* "common people." Or, it may be, Harry feared that we might reach back by a simple question into his own ancestry. And we might reach back too far; or, not reaching very far, might find a fact or two of an exceedingly plain sort, and break a high, stiff Cambridge collar of the present by a rude grip on a collarless shirt-band of the past. Perhaps Harry talked about "common people" with his peculiar tone when he was some distance from home, or to people who did not know him and his at home—the home of the family to-day or a quarter of a century back. However that may be, Harry did not push the plebeian question any further. With his good sense—and he has a good stratum of it under the deposit of taste and social ambition—Harry cannot argue against a Church because it has "common people" in it. That argument would have kept many a senator out of the Capitol, many a judge out of the Supreme Court, many a President out of the White House, many a millionaire out of his parlor, many a lady out of society, and many a saint out of heaven. But for the "common people" we should have neither wealth nor scholarship. The man who depreciates them is chargeable with folly, and the Church that neglects them is guilty of a great crime—a crime against God and against the Saviour who died for all men, every-where.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for January 24, 1886. CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.—2 Kings 25. 1–12. GOLDEN TEXT.—Psa. 137. 1.

AWAY from his own! If one goes because he wants to go—on an excursion, a voyage, a business enterprise, it is possible to go even though it causes pain to say "Good-bye" to the old faces and to the old places. One "feels badly about it;" lips quiver, especially when he says good-bye to heart-broken old mother; the tears have to be brushed away. He'll "feel better to-morrow." He's "young, and the young are easily satisfied with variety and novel experience." So he is brave, and goes with a smile, even though it be a smile through tears.

But to go when one doesn't want to go; when he sees no use in going; when he "hates to go;" when he would "almost rather die than go;" when he *has* to go—a "has to" with the "must go" of a sword and a soldier in it—then it *is* hard to go. So a drafted man sometimes goes to war, and a convicted man to prison, and many an unprepared man to death. To have every thing one owns taken from him and to be taken away from every thing one loves—this is terrible!

This very thing sin did for Judah, for the king and for the people. Forts without, famine within, soldiers fleeing, army scattered, king bound and blinded and carried to Babylon. Jerusalem burned, walls broken down, and the multitudes taken into bondage. Every thing lost! Wretched people!

What sin did for them sin will do now for us—for every individual. Thousands of young men are in these days enslaved and carried away from home and innocency and comfort. Fast living, lust, drink, infidelity, impurity, profanity, vulgarity—these are the Nebuchadnezzars and the Nebuzaradans that in our times destroy and carry captive.

I know a young fellow who had every chance. His father is a respected minister. His family is kind and faithful—lavishing love without stint upon him. He made up his mind to have his "own way;" to see life;" to do as he "pleased." He did. He had his "own way." And I happen to know what a way of sorrow it is, for he is not yet at the end of it. His folly passed into sins, his sins became crimes. The last I knew of him he was a fugitive from justice. He has been in prison. Think of it—from a parsonage to a prison, from Jerusalem to Babylon! So it must always be. How strange the folly that will make a boy a monster, and bind him hand and foot in the chains of sin! How is it that fellows will be so foolish? The secret is in an unwillingness to be bound by God's law—a bondage in which is the only true freedom. Fish cannot live on land, robins cannot live in water, man cannot live in rebellion against God. Fish, robin, and man may live a while in their false positions, but while they live they suffer, and death must come before long. In man it is the death of soul toward God—a banishing from all peace and hope.

It is well to look at the frightful picture of desolation in the lesson for the day and think of the spoiling power of sin. It mars the best souls, the best homes, the best cities, the best nations. Jerusalem taken, burned, emptied, and her people driven to Babylon, is a picture of the damage wrought by sin. Young reader: Cut it out and put it where you can often see its horrors, and resolve that the king of Babylon—God's messenger of wrath—shall never have occasion to pursue and capture you!

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS receiving OUR YOUTH can materially aid us in circulating the paper by showing it to their friends.

New subscribers to OUR YOUTH will receive back numbers from December 5, 1885.

Subscribers who do not receive OUR YOUTH regularly will please notify the Publishers immediately.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Where the pastor is indifferent, or too busy, to organize an Oxford League, what shall young people do who wish such an organization?

A Methodist Episcopal minister cannot be "indifferent" to an organization which aims at such noble and needed ends in the life of the Church, especially when the training which the Oxford League promises will raise up such an efficient class of workers in the early future. The minister may be too busy. He is already crowded with official duties. If he only knew it, a band of Oxford Leaguers in his church would help him to bear many burdens. They could serve him and the church in many ways. It would be economy of time for him to organize and conduct an Oxford League in view of this added service. Where, however, the preacher in charge is unable to devote his personal attention to the work, the few persons who wish the organization might call upon him and secure his approval, and then take up the "Initial Course" of reading, coming together occasionally for comparison of views, and especially for prayers and religious conversation. Two or three persons in real earnest may establish such a League. Where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, he is in the midst. Great good must come to persons thus enlisted, and their numbers will from time to time increase. If there be but one person in a church who desires the benefits of the Oxford League, he can alone take up the Course of the Initial Grade, and read it.

What does the Initial Grade Course of Reading embrace?

Ten chapters in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, namely, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 25, 26, 27, 28, and the first nine chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. These chapters give the story of the birth of Christ, his baptism, temptation, the sermon on the mount, the closing events of his life on earth, the great commission, the founding of the early Church, the day of Pentecost, and the experiences of the Church up to the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. In addition to the Scripture selections, the nine tracts of "Our Own Church Series" are to be read: No. 1, "The Holy Catholic Church," showing the true unity of the Church of Jesus Christ, in all denominations. No. 2, "The Antiquity of Methodism," showing that Methodism embraces the essentials of Christianity, and that, therefore, it is as old as Christianity itself, so that there is no essential difference between the apostolic Church, and the earnest, consistent, truth-loving, God-fearing, soul-saving Methodism of to-day. No. 3, "That Episcopal Church," guards our own young people against being misled by the dangerous doctrine of apostolical succession, and exposes with fidelity and kindness the serious mistake of any ministry that assumes to be the only Christian ministry. No. 4, "The Church and the World," guards our young people against worldliness in social life and in ecclesiastical forms. No. 5, "Broad and Narrow," shows how people may be positive in their evangelical faith, and yet not be chargeable with narrowness. No. 6, "The Classmates' Meeting," describes, defends, and commends the much-misunderstood and much-neglected class-meeting of the Church. No. 7, "Our Settled Itinerancy," shows that the itinerant mode of the ministry guarantees the only settled ministry to the Church. No. 8, "Earnest Christians," describes the character of one who lives for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men. No. 9, "True Church Loyalty," in a pleasant little story shows the unfairness of abandoning one's own Church for social reasons, and urges denominational loyalty upon Methodist Episcopalians. The next volume in the Required Reading of the Initial Grade is "Outlines of Methodism," a little text-book by James M'Gee, of Plainfield, N. J. It is a pocket-history and exposition of Methodism, very simple, systematic, and useful. Then follows the "Oxford League Series," Nos. 1–7, on the following topics: No. 1, "Ancestry of the Wesley Family;" No. 2, "The Oxford Methodist Brotherhood;" No. 3, "The Birthplace of Methodism;" No. 4, "Methodist Converts in High Places;" No. 5, "The Literary Work of the Wesleys;" No. 6, "Place of Education in English Methodism;" No. 7, "Place of Education in American Methodism." These tracts cost 81 cents. One series may be purchased at a time, or two or three persons may club together and use a single series; or, if the church takes a regular collection for the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the minister, having a right to appropriate one half of the collection for the purchase of tracts, may order the tracts of the Initial Grade of the Oxford League Course. Will not our readers adopt this plan, and begin the reading at once?

Will not so much attention to denominational work promote bigotry?

Does fidelity to one's party necessarily interfere with patriotism? It ought not to do so. Does love for one's own regiment in the army, and faithfulness to the drill it requires, and pride in the work it does and in the record it makes, cause one to love the flag of the nation less or make him indifferent to her victories? Certainly not. True church loyalty should not make us cold toward other branches of the Church. A good Presbyterian may live for his own Presbyterian Church, and yet pray for, love, and help all other Churches, according to his means and opportunities. Indeed, the better we know our own, and the more intelligent our loyalty, the larger will be our appreciation of others. The Methodist Episcopal people of to-day need to know more about their own Church that they may have greater respect and affection for it; that they may increase its efficiency, and that thus they may help the cause of true Christianity in all the Churches. Intelligence and fidelity will not foster bigotry. Ignorance is the mother of bigotry. Ignorance separates the brethren. Ignorance weakens the hold of the Church on the world.

May one person avail himself of the benefits of the League?

He certainly can, although it is better to have some associate. One person can take up the religious readings. One person can read the literary courses. One person can pray, study the word, and meditate, giving himself up to a more earnest life. One person can go to the minister and offer his services in the visitation of the poor and imprisoned and afflicted; in the teaching of a Sunday-school class; in the looking up of new scholars; in reading to the blind, and in many other kinds of work. Yes, one person may be an Oxford Leaguer, and make a start, and make a stir, and do a world of good. Who will begin?

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

We have considered a few of the more serious mistakes in grammar to which people are liable, in both speaking and writing. It is possible, however, to construct a sentence which, while grammatically correct, will be so arranged as to be almost unintelligible. We cannot make our meaning more clear than by an illustration:

Near the mill sat a dog which was grinding away merrily, on a patch of grass by the door. It was painted red with white sails.

The reader sees at a glance, of course, what these sentences are trying to describe; but suppose a man who, though he understood the language, was unfamiliar with wind-mills and unacquainted with dogs, should read the paragraph, what strange ideas might he not obtain? He would have reason to suppose that a dog was some sort of a grass-grinding machine which, for the sake of ornament, was painted red and embellished with white sails, although he would have a right to assume that these last two features belonged to the door.

The reason for his confusion is evident. The descriptive words and clauses are so separated from the words that they describe, and the pronoun "it" is so indefinite, that the effect of the combination is absurd and amusing.

A relative pronoun (who, which), as a rule, *refers to the nearest noun or pronoun which precedes it.* Thus in the first sentence of our example the *which* refers, of course, to the mill, but as *which* immediately follows *the dog*, it is natural to think that the relative clause "which was grinding away," etc., is written of the dog.

The clause "on a patch of grass," etc., belongs to the dog, but because it follows the "grinding away merrily" it is possible that the grass was being ground.

The "it" is a pronoun and stands for some noun in the preceding sentence. Because we know that dogs and door have no sails, and that wind-mills have, we conclude that "it" refers to "wind-mill."

Of the many changes which might be made to render this paragraph intelligible, the following is one:

A dog sat on a patch of grass near the door of the mill, which was grinding away merrily. The mill was painted red, and had white sails.

The answer often made to the criticism of an expression, "Well, you know what I mean," furnishes the text for a short sermon on the aim of writing. Write, not that your readers *may* understand, but that they *must* understand. If you find it hard to write long sentences, without confusing the ideas, write short ones, and increase their length as your experience enables you.

Write a little every day, even if you have no reader but yourself. No matter how little you write, be sure it is (1) grammatically correct, (2) clearly arranged, (3) in language suited to the subject.

These three points have already been considered in our School at Home, so we shall do no more than recommend to our readers review and practice.

In Our Youth Debating Club we offer an excellent opportunity for the very exercises of which we have been speaking. We advise you to ponder the question for debate carefully, to decide on which side your honest opinion places you, to arrange clearly in mind the reasons which influence you, and then to sit down and put them upon paper as briefly as you can. You will find, no doubt, that you have written 300, 400, or 500 words. And the limit is 150! What is to be done? First select the strongest arguments, and let the others go. Then re-write carefully, grudging every word which does not do its full share of the work. You can afford to have few drone-words in your small hive. This process may reduce the number of words to 200. Sacrifice another argument this time, and compress your sentences. Perhaps you have two sentences that may be joined, and a few words saved. Let your language be simple and straightforward as the occasion demands. The practice to be obtained from such composition as this will prove valuable, and we trust that many will contribute to our new department.

The Possessive Case.

We have explained in this column what the *declension* of nouns means, and have described the way of forming the possessive case, but we think it important to spend a little time in a fuller discussion of these two points.

Let us try to illustrate by an example what we mean by the *declension* of nouns:

The book was given to the child.

There are two ways of expressing the fact that the child received the book:

1. By placing before the word *child* a word *to*, called a preposition (which means "something placed before"). The *to* shows that the child is a receiver.

2. Or, as in the Latin language, the word *child* might be slightly changed in form so that the same idea which the *to* expresses in English would be given by this variation.

This changing the form of a noun or pronoun to express different shades of meaning is called *declension*. Greek, Latin, and German have *declension*.

In English the pronouns are declined (see OUR YOUTH, No. 2, p. 28), but with two exceptions the nouns remain unchanged. The exceptions are found in the formation of the plural number and the possessive case. We shall take up the *plural* later on. It is necessary to bear in mind simply that the plural is usually formed by adding *s* to the singular. The rule for the formation of the possessive case is as follows:

The possessive case in the singular number, and in those plurals which do not end in s, *is formed by adding* s *with an apostrophe before it* ('s) *to the noun.*

Examples: Man's, men's, woman's, women's.

When the plural ends in *s*, as *friends, girls*, etc., the apostrophe is placed *after* the final *s*, as *friends' conversation, girls' games.*

An error in placing the apostrophe in cases like the above will change the plural to singular, or the singular to plural.

Remember that the possessive pronouns, his, hers, its, etc., are already possessive in form and need no modification. *Its* is especially liable to be overburdened with an apostrophe. *It's* means *it is.*

It's hard to give it its due.

Remember that the plural is very often confused with the possessive. We read half a dozen notices of lost articles in a ferry-station the other day, in four of which "a *ladies* pin or bracelet" had been lost. The writer of one of the other notices, in an effort to be very exact no doubt, announced the loss of "a *ladies'* watch." Though these blunders are made every day they are inexcusable. A *lady*, a *lady's* pin, *ladies, ladies' meeting*—a simple enough process if only a little care be exercised.

Remember that the best usage at present adds *'s* to singular nouns ending in *s*, *x*, or *ce*, to form the possessive case, as "*Charles's* lesson," "the *goddess's* chariot," etc. "*Conscience'* sake" and a few other forms are exceptions. This is simply a rule for *writing*. It is usually better to *pronounce* these possessives as though no *s* were added.

Remember that in forming the possessive case of compound nouns the apostrophe and *s* are added to the last word only. As,

Father-in-law, father-in-law's house.

Names of firms and partners follow the same rule. As,

The New York Gas-light Co.'s office, or Smith & Brown's Store.

TEN WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Address'.	Pronunciation—pro-nŭn-she-ā'shun.
Adult'.	Surprise'—sur-prize, *not* sup.
Hasten—hās'n.	Telĕg'raphy, *not* tel'egraphy.
Illŭs'trate, *not* il'lustrate.	Vagā'ry, *not* va'gary.
Inquī'ry, *not* in'quiry.	Wound—woond, better than wownd.

IN our list of words last week the *a* in the pronunciation of *Laundry* was wrongly marked. It should have been *Län'dre*, the *ä* having the sound of *a* in father.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

CURLING.

WE described last week a skating tournament; here is another ice-game which comes from Scotland, and which is gaining popularity on this side of the water. The Canadians are enthusiastic curlers, and the different Canadian cities have curling matches between teams picked from the best players of each.

Curling is in principle like the game of quoits. A "curling rink," as it is called, is a smooth stretch of ice about 125x25 feet. Near each end of the "rink" a mark called the "tee" is made, and about the "tee" as a center a circle 14 feet in diameter is drawn. The space inclosed by the circle is known as the "hoose." So far the preparations are very much like those which might be made for quoits, but instead of using iron quoits, the playing is done with large stones. These stones are large flattened spheres weighing thirty or forty pounds. They are polished so as to be very smooth, and are provided with handles.

The players take their places at one "tee," and start the stones in turn down toward the other. If a stone fails to go into the "hoose" it does not count. The side which has a stone nearest the "tee" counts that stone and all the others of its own which are nearer than any one of the other sides. Only one side can count at a time, and no matter how many stones one side may have crowded about the "tee," one stone from the other side if it be nearest can "spoil" them all.

One interesting and amusing feature of the game is the "sweeping." The players are provided with brooms, and by sweeping the particles of ice away from the path of a moving stone they can make it go a great deal longer distance. If a stone shows signs of weakness, and it begins to seem doubtful whether it can reach the "hoose," the men commence to sweep for dear life, and coax it toward the "tee." The moment it passes the "tee" the other side may "sweep" it out of the "hoose" if they can.

The "sweepers" become very expert, and can often bring a stone to a standstill at just the right place.

Curling-stones are now made (it sounds paradoxical) of iron, and may be bought of large hardware firms. Merchants in any town could procure them if a "curling club" should be organized. The excitement of "curling" is considerable, and the exercise in the open air which it furnishes is excellent. Let the "curling-stone" come with the "tobogган" to sue for favor among the sports of winter.

THE GAME OF SUCCOTASH.

MOST of our readers are, no doubt, familiar with the game of "buzz," and its more difficult companion, "buzz-fuzz." If not, a brief description will be a necessary introduction to our game of *Succotash*.

The players sit in a circle, and count around to the right 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. If the game is simply "buzz," each person who has to count seven, or a multiple of seven (14, 21, 28, etc.), or any number with seven in it (17, 27, 37, etc.), must say "buzz" instead of the number. Any one who forgets to say "buzz," or says it in the wrong place, is "out," and the rest go on until the superiority is settled.

"Buzz-fuzz" is more complicated. It differs from "buzz" in that five and all its multiples are called "fuzz." Thus 35 is "buzz-fuzz," and 57 "fuzz-buzz," etc.

Succotash consists in calling five in all its relations "beans," and seven under similar circumstances "corn." When the two come together, instead of saying "beans-corn," make the proper combination and say "succotash."

These three games afford a great deal of amusement, and require concentrated attention and quick thinking.

SPOONING.

SELECT some bright person in the company and stand him in a corner with a spoon in his hand. He calls up No. 2 and gives him the spoon, telling him to give it to some one else, for the reason which he whispers to him. No. 3, who receives the spoon, comes to No. 1 and another consultation takes place. This continues until the players are ready to stop. Then No. 1 turns to No. 2:

"To whom did you give the spoon, and for what did you give the spoon?"

And No. 2 replies:

"I gave the spoon to So-and-so because I thought her the wittiest person in the room."

No. 3 takes up the tale:

"I gave the spoon to No. 4 because he seemed to me the kindest-hearted," and so on until the story ends.

Of course, in such a personal game No. 1 will be careful about his mandates, and will make them as bright and, at the same time, as pleasant as possible.

BOOKS AND TITLES.

THE following game, which is very much like our game, "Machine verse," we reprint from "The Home Weekly:"

In answer to the request for good games I propose the following, which is worthy of a better name than "Books and Titles," under which I learned it.

Divide a half-sheet of note-paper lengthwise, and give one of these long slips and a pencil to each member of the party. Now let each one write the title of some book at the top of the slip, and fold it over and back so that the writing is concealed. Then each one passes to his or her next neighbor on the right. After all the slips have thus changed hands, each one writes another title. Then, after changing again, an author's name. Next a dedication, which may be original with the writer, or recalled from some book. Then a brief quotation, either prose or verse. Lastly, a criticism, which is better original, and must be short, for by this time the slips are quite full. Of course, they have been exchanged between each writing.

Now let them be read aloud, supplying connecting words, and a queer jumble of sense and nonsense is the result. Thus: "The Pilgrim's Progress," or "Fated to be Free," by Lord Byron. Dedicated to "my great aunt's pet monkey." Quotation:

> "Ah, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as ithers see us."

Criticism: "Evidently written by a woman, and a young woman. Full of sickly sentiment."

Or, "Through the Dark Continent," or "A Fool's Errand," by "Ouida." Dedicated to "the wisest man of his age—Samuel J. Tilden." Quotation: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" Criticism: "Too much is expected of the reader. The book should be either shorter or better."

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Affairs in France.

FRANCE closed the old year with a presidential election. François P. Jules Grévy was re-elected to the presidency. He was born in 1813, and is consequently in his seventy-third year. The French Republic has had four presidents since it was established in 1871 upon the ruins of Louis Napoleon's empire. Thiers was elected in August, 1871, but was forced to resign in May, 1873, by a combination of the parties which favored the restoration of the monarchy. Marshal MacMahon, a pronounced royalist, was his successor, but did not complete the term of seven years. He quarreled with the Chamber of Deputies, which was strongly republican, and resigned in 1879. Jules Grévy succeeded him, and by a moderate course managed to serve out his first term, and has now been re-elected.

The French mode of electing a chief magistrate differs from our own. The voters of the United States choose in each State a small body of men called electors, who are pledged to vote for the candidates of their party for President and Vice-President. These electors assemble in their respective States and go through the form of balloting. The two persons receiving the largest number of electoral votes for President and Vice-President are declared elected.

The French system does away with our clumsy electoral device. "The President of the Republic is chosen by a majority of votes by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, united as a National Assembly." This body is similar to the Congress of the United States. In America the people practically vote directly for their ruler; in France the people elect representatives who perform this duty in addition to their function as members of the national legislature. The salary of President Grévy is $120,000, and he is further allowed $60,000 for household expenses.

The President appoints a cabinet consisting of eleven members. This Ministry, like that of England, represents the ruling majority of the Chambers, and resigns when its policy is opposed by the Chambers. Thus the ministry of which Jules Ferry was the Premier advocated the war with China, but was rendered very unpopular by the defeats of the French army in Tonquin last winter. The Chambers refused to pass Ferry's measures, and he and his fellow ministers resigned. They were succeeded by the Brisson cabinet. Brisson's colonial policy was not a success, and a close vote on the troublesome Tonquin question caused him to give up office a few days after the presidential election. The premiership was offered to de Freycinet, who accepted the office on the 4th of January.

The Proceedings of Congress.

BOTH Houses of Congress re-assembled January 5, after a holiday recess of fifteen days. More than eight hundred bills were then introduced and referred to committees. The following are among the more interesting or important measures:

Senator Blair asked the government to erect monuments in the city of Washington to Abraham Lincoln and U. S. Grant; these monuments to cost $1,000,000 each, and none but American citizens to be employed in their construction.

Senator Logan advocated the creation of a commission to inquire into the material, industrial, and intellectual progress of the colored people since 1865.

Senator Hoar offered a resolution requesting the President to so reform our treaties that defaulters may no longer find a safe refuge in Canada.

Mr. Long introduced a bill in the House of Representatives providing that the members of the President's cabinet be given seats in the House. This plan has been found useful in most European nations. It enables the cabinet officers to advocate and explain government measures before the legislative body.

Mr. Buchanan asked for the repeal of the tax upon tobacco, and Mr. O'Donnell asked that importation of sugar into the United States should be prohibited, and domestic sugar-raising at the same time encouraged by the payment of a bounty of one cent a pound.

Mr. Beach proposed several constitutional amendments: One to give the President power to veto single items in appropriation bills, and one to provide uniform laws on marriage and divorce for the whole country.

Mr. Merriman asked for $10,000,000 for improving the Erie Canal and maintaining it free of toll.

Mr. Adams would appropriate $500,000 for the Grant monument in New York city.

It should be borne in mind that these measures are only a few of more than two thousand bills which have been presented to the attention of the new Congress. Many of them will never come to a vote. Only those which pass both Houses and receive the signature of the President will become laws.

The Irish Cause.

THE British Parliament will assemble Jan. 12, and will be confronted at the outset by the Irish demand for Home Rule. It is understood that the present Conservative ministry will present at the time of the queen's speech, Jan. 21, a plan for governing Ireland by local councils. What Mr. Gladstone will do is unknown. His party seems to be hopelessly divided upon the Irish Question.

The followers of Parnell are awaiting the struggle with full confidence in the ability of their leader to secure a separate Parliament for Ireland.

Meanwhile, the cause is receiving substantial support in America. Members of the British House of Commons receive no salary for their services. The Irish members are representatives of the common people—reporters, inn-keepers, etc.—and neither they nor their constituents can afford the expense of life in London during the session. The Irish Parliamentary Fund Association has been formed in America to raise money to pay the expenses of these representatives of Ireland. The Fund already amounts to over $30,000, and grows by contributions not only from Irishmen, but from many German, Polish, and Hungarian exiles who sympathize with any struggle for liberty.

The Convention of the Irish National League was to have been held at Chicago this month. But Mr. Parnell has notified the committee in charge that he cannot be present, and the meeting has been postponed.

In "Harper's Magazine" for January, Mr. George William Curtis pays a grateful tribute to the Irish leader. He says:

At this moment Mr. Parnell holds an actual power in Ireland, which is perhaps essentially greater than that held by Mr. Gladstone in England, or by Bismarck in Germany, because it rests upon the virtually undivided confidence of his countrymen. Both Gladstone and Bismarck hold their own against large and organized parties. But while the Ulster Irishmen do not all follow Parnell, the overwhelming drift of Irish sympathy is with him. He has virtually dictated the selection of almost all of the Irish members of Parliament, and they are all pledged to obey him. One correspondent calls him the most powerful Irish leader since the Conquest. It is certain that with little of the eloquence or of the personal popular charm which have distinguished the Irish leaders since Flood, he is stronger than any, and the hope which has inspired them all, and which has survived centuries of apparent hopelessness, seems about to be fulfilled by the cool, dry, impassive Parnell.

His skill has been shown by his use of his opportunities. Clearly to perceive the situation, and thoroughly to comprehend your resources, and the effective way of applying them, is the secret of leadership in statecraft as elsewhere. Parnell believes that every advantage, or, as he holds, every right, of Ireland has been extorted from England by annoying her. He knew the bitter conflict of parties in England, and he saw that the Irish vote holds the balance of power in Parliament. To make that vote absolutely his own; to cast it solidly for any man or party or policy which should favor his policy, in Ireland; to use it with both parties as a threat or a bribe; to master parliamentary law so as to obstruct legislation legally; in a word, to make the success of either party dependent upon him—this has been his aim, and he has apparently accomplished his purpose.

He is, indeed, an uncrowned king, and should he die there is no one to take up his scepter. No fabulous monarch of Tara's Hall, no lord of the round towers, no wild Celtic chieftain, was so powerful a ruler. A short time will show whether his power also, like the harp of Tara, will be unstrung, and his deeds remain buried; resultless, under the stream of time, like those stern round towers of other days.

The Prussian Celebration.

ON the 3d of January, King William I. celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the throne of Prussia. In the course of a long life the king has seen wonderful changes in his native land. Born in February, 1797, his earliest recollections are of German disgrace and defeat at the hands of Napoleon. When the German people rose to expel the French in 1813, William entered the army and won the iron cross for bravery in the campaigns which ended in the fall of Paris. After holding various high positions in the Prussian military service under his father, King Frederick William III., and his brother, King Frederick William IV., he succeeded to the throne at the death of the latter in 1861.

The Germany of that day consisted of a loosely related group of states under the leadership of Austria. Prussia was of secondary importance. The new king immediately set about the re-organization of the army. In 1862 he made Prince Bismarck his chief adviser. Together the two men labored for the advancement of Prussia. When the army reforms were completed and the men were armed with the newly invented breech-loading guns, Austria was lured into a quarrel and soundly beaten at Sadowa in 1866. By this victory Prussia crowded her rival out of German politics, and stepped into the vacant place.

Louis Napoleon, the French monarch, perceived that the growing power of William's kingdom threatened to unite the various German states into a compact empire, and he sought to humble Prussia before such a state should be formed upon his borders. But the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 drove Napoleon from France, and filled the German people with a spirit of national unity which they had not felt before. The German Empire was proclaimed to the victorious armies in 1871, and William I. of Prussia became William I. the hereditary ruler of all Germany.

The aged king and emperor is distinguished for his soldierly qualities. He demands and expects obedience from his Prussian subjects by virtue of that "divine right of kings," which caused our English ancestors to dethrone Charles I. But his reign will be remembered as an era of growth and prosperity in which he and his advisers placed Prussia at the head of Germany, and then created a united German Empire to stand first among the military nations of the world.

New Railroads.

AN editorial in a recent number of the New York "Sun" newspaper called attention to the number of railroads by which commerce is now penetrating regions which have hitherto been difficult of access.

In November the new railway, extending 700 miles from Cape Town

to the South African diamond mines, was completed. The swift locomotive has taken the place of the huge canvas-covered ox wagons which have been the only means of transportation along the muddy roads of the Colony. The English capital invested in the South African roads earned a dividend of three and one half per cent. during the first six months of the year which has just closed.

In Asia military and commercial interests are laboring together in the great railway undertakings. In India eleven thousand miles of iron road bind the country firmly together, and serve to transport British troops as well as Indian cotton over the great Asiatic Empire of Great Britain. The conquering army which has entered the capital of Burmah is smoothing the way for a greater army of traders. British agents have already reported favorably upon a plan for extending the Indian railway system through the conquered kingdom to meet a line which the Siamese monarch proposes to build from his capital to the frontier.

From China come tidings of commercial awakening. It is stated that the London banking firm of the Barings has undertaken the construction of the Chinese lines, and a German company has organized for the same purpose by the famous gunmaker, Frederick Krupp.

Russia is laying down the iron links of the long chain which is to bind more closely to herself the distant cities of Siberia. Another Russian line—the Trans-Caspian—is rapidly extending eastward from the Caspian Sea toward the new provinces of Central Asia. This road has almost reached the northern frontier of Afghanistan, the last barrier between the dominions of England and Russia. The English roads from India have already reached this barrier on the south, and will probably be extended to the Russian border.

Of the New World there is not much to tell. The last spike on the Canadian Pacific Railroad was driven in 1885, thus bringing to completion a work upon which the Dominion of Canada bases its hopes for a new period of development.

The Congo State.

(Area 1,508,200 sq. miles; estimated population, 42,608,000; governed by an International Association, of which Leopold II., King of Belgium, is the head, and Col. Sir Francis de Winton the representative in Africa.)

THE Congo State has not found a place in the school geographies, for it is not yet a year old. It occupies an irregular square in the heart of Africa, lying principally between 17° and 30° east longitude, and 5° north and 12° south latitude. It communicates with the sea by a narrow district along the right bank of the Congo River.

The history of this region is so far the history of its great river. The mouth of the Congo was discovered by the Portuguese in 1484, but for almost four hundred years exploration went no farther. Dr. Livingstone in the years 1867–71, coming from the east coast of Africa, discovered the head-waters of a great river flowing toward the north-west called the Lualaba, and in 1876 H. M. Stanley, an American citizen, traced this stream from Nyangwé to its mouth in the Atlantic, proving that the Congo and the Lualaba are one and the same.

King Leopold of Belgium, instigated by Stanley's reports of the extent and fertility of the river basin, took the lead in forming an association for opening this region to commerce. This association sent out Stanley in 1879 to examine the country, plant stations, and report upon methods for establishing trade. This expedition ascended the river in steamers to a point 400 miles above Stanley Falls, made treaties with some 500 native chiefs, and established pioneer stations. Stanley returned to Europe in 1884 with such reports of a fertile soil and amiable tribes that the nations began to covet the Congo region.

Portugal entered a claim based upon early discovery, but the other commercial nations, fearing Portuguese taxation and oppression, objected, and met in conference at Berlin in February, 1885, to decide the question of sovereignty. This conference proclaimed freedom of trade, except in slaves and liquors, over the whole region drained by the Congo and its tributaries, and the greater portion of this region was recognized as a Free State, to be governed by the International Association already mentioned.

Little has been done to develop the trade of the interior, and little can be done until a railway is constructed from Vivi to Stanley Pool, 225 miles. This railway will connect the lower Congo and the ocean with over 5,000 miles of navigable streams which drain the upper basin. Stanley reports that this region abounds in palm oil, gums, dye-stuffs, india-rubber, and ivory, while all the fruits of the tropics ripen in its soil. Other travelers tell us that the coast region is worthless, that the climate is deadly, that nowhere in the country can be found food, fuel, or building-stone, and that all attempts to found the new State must end in failure.

It is probable that the progress of the young empire will be slow. It will take years of patient labor and large expenditure of money to form a State from such material as Africa affords, but the whole world has an interest in the venture, and every one will look for tidings from the missionaries and traders whose work of civilization lies among the neglected races of the Congo.

Pronunciation.

Af-ghan'is-tan.
Bel'gi-um (Bel'jē-um).
Ber-lin'.
Bis'marck.
Bris-son' (Bre-sō*ng*').
Bur'mah (Ber'-).
Con'go (Cong'go).
Fer-ry' (Fā-ree').
Frey-ci-net' (Frā-se-nā').
Fran-çois' (Fro*ng*-swah').
Jules Gré'vy (Zhool' Grā'vĕh).
Lĕ'ō-pōld.
Lu-ā-lā'bā.
Mad-a-gas'car.
Mac'Mah-ŏn'.
Par'nell.
Pōr'tu-guese (-geez).
Sad'ō-wă (-vă).
Ton-quin' (-keen').
Thi-ers' (Tē-air').
Vi'vi (Vē've).

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That secular books should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 6.—Of all those who make up a Sunday-school, the ones we most need to help are those who have not had Christian training, and if it were not for the Sunday-school would spend their Sundays in some place of amusement. Now we must have some attraction to draw them to the Sunday-school. Among the most important of these is the library. A scholar comes to Sunday-school and you place a strictly religious book in his hands and it will not be supposed that he will be interested in it. But give him a secular book with a good moral and it will not only do him twice as much good, but will keep him interested in the school. I hold that some of the very best books for the young are secular books. And I also hold that it makes no difference in what class a book belongs, if it is the means of doing good it should be admitted.

FRANK S. SMITH.

No. 7.—Speaking from a Methodist Sunday-school scholar's standpoint, I should take the affirmative on this question.

A boy in Sunday-school wants something that will interest as well as instruct him, and in the average Sunday-school library catalogue he will find perhaps only a half-dozen books which would be to his mind worth reading. The classes of books which would very likely be in the library are: history, biography, travel, and good fiction. As to the first three, no one would want them excluded. Of the last, fiction, those books which instruct as well as interest and elevate the mind of the reader are the only ones that should be allowed to stand upon the shelves of the library.

The Sunday-school library was introduced for the purpose of providing good reading for the Sunday-school, and in selecting books this idea should be carried out, not by bigots, but by well-read impartial persons.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HARRY POWELL.

No. 8.—I hold that such secular books as cultivate a refined taste for reading should be admitted to Sunday-school libraries, for many Sunday-school scholars are exposed to the jests of the rougher class, and are so influenced as to be afraid to take a distinctively religious book, while they would read a standard history, book of travel, or an interesting biography, such as would so strengthen them morally and mentally that they would disdain to intimately associate with, or be influenced by, this low, irreligious class. They will soon learn that no one is truly noble or educated who has not studied the Bible and the history of Christianity. With their new ambition they resolve to lead nobler lives. To do this they must read religious literature. They read it and become useful men and women, well versed in religious and secular literature, as their parents and teacher desired. RUFUS STEBBINS.

No. 9.—First. There is more attraction in secular books. Although they may not have a distinctively religious tendency, yet they may contain occasionally a religious truth. When children have become interested in secular books they would naturally desire to read others, and those of a distinctively religious tendency. Attractions are proper in their places. Better have attractions in Sunday-school libraries than in saloons. There is nothing more attractive and fascinating to children than stories. A story may not be distinctively religious, but still contain moral truths.

Second. Scholars may be reached through secular books, when other attempts would be futile. Many boys and girls would read secular books, when they would not read purely religious books. One object of Sunday-school libraries is to create in children a desire for reading—a thirsting after knowledge. This can surely be accomplished through secular books, if in any way.

F. W. A.

Lima, N. Y.

All arguments for the negative must be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before Jan. 23. The limit is 150 words. See* SCHOOL AT HOME *on how to prepare arguments. New subject for debate announced next week.*

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."

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The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, **in order to raise funds for its completion,** have prepared, from model furnished by the artist, a *perfect fac-simile* Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—There is no end to the funny things that are seen and heard by the teachers in our public schools. Once a teacher observed a huge blot of ink on a boy's copy-book.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Sure, I think it's a tear, sir."

"A tear? How could a tear be black?"

"Sure, I think wan o' the colored boys dropped it, sir."—*Ex.*

—Jack—"Grandma, have you good teeth?"

Grandma—"No, dear; unfortunately I have not."

Jack—"Then I'll give you my walnuts to keep till I come back."—*Boston Beacon.*

—The minister had preached a sermon on "Sacrifice," in which he urged the benefit of giving up some cherished pleasure for the cause of religion. Little Tommy had listened thoughtfully, and his mother thought she would find out how deep an impression the sermon had made.

"Don't you think, Tommy," said she, "that you would feel better if you were to give up some cherished delight, some pleasure that you value, in a good cause?"

"Yes," said Tommy. "I think perhaps I might."

"Well," said the mother, greatly gratified at his religious interest, "well, Tommy, and what pleasure do you think you had better give up?"

"I don't know," said Tommy, thoughtfully. "Supposing I should give up going to church."—*Somerville Journal.*

—A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son.

"Johnny, you are a great source of annoyance to me."

"What's the matter, pa?"

"You ask so many foolish questions. I wasn't a big donkey when I was of your age."

"No, pa; but you've growed a heap since."—*Troy Press.*

—Fanny is a little girl who has a big wax doll as a companion. A few days ago a new sister came to her house, and after a few days she went over to a neighbor's.

"Well, Fanny," said the lady, "where's your wax doll?"

"O," she answered, turning up her nose; "I don't have nothin' to do with wax babies any more. We've got a meat baby at our house now, and that takes up all my time."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A very loquacious lady, calling one day to consult her physician, talked on and on with such volubility that the latter could not get in a word edgewise. Growing impatient, he at length told her to put out her tongue, which she did. He then said:

"Now, please keep it there until you have heard what I have got to say to you."

—When Lord Randolph Churchill was a very small boy, his mother reprimanded him one day for some misdemeanor. Not knowing it his father began to talk to him on the same subject. Looking up in his face, Randolph said, solemnly, "My mother has 'tended to me."

—A farmer on Snake River, W. T., loaned his dog to a man to whom he had sold a flock of sheep to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles. The drover found the dog so useful that instead of sending him home he locked him up. The dog escaped, and, concluding the drover had no more right to keep the sheep than he had to lock him up, he collected all that had belonged to his master and drove them home again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—At one of the schools in this city recently, the master, in general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."—*Newburyport Herald.*

—A school-teacher at Malden, Mass., treasures two of her pupils' compositions. The first describes a dull afternoon:

"It rained hard, and I could not go owdoors, and so I went out in the shed and sod some wood."

In a little straw frame on her mantel is a sentence from the pen of her youngest and brightest, given in answer to the request:

"Write, in twenty words, a definition of 'Man.'"

It reads thus:

"Man is an animal that stands up, he is not very big, and he has to work for a living."—*Boston Record.*

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